The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate now proceed to a period for morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for brief periods.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

CIVILITY AND DELIBERATION IN THE U.S. SENATE

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, on July 16, the Robert J. Dole Institute for Public Service and Public Policy at the University of Kansas hosted a discussion of civility and deliberation in the United States Senate.

Long subjects of interest to me, I was heartened to learn of this event. In an age of media and money-driven politics, it is important to remember that what we Senators must truly strive to be about has little to do with either the media or money. Discussions such as this one remind us all of the essential nature of this body in which we are so privileged to serve, and of the responsibility each of us bears to help this great institution, the United States Senate, continue to reflect the Framers' intent.

I ask unanimous consent that the remarks of the Honorable Robert J. Dole, and the remarks of Mr. Harry C. McPherson, former Special Counsel to President Lyndon B. Johnson, be inserted in the RECORD at this point.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

REMARKS OF SENATOR BOB DOLE—INTRODUCTION OF HARRY MCPHERSON, THE CAPITOL, JULY 16, 1999

Thanks very much for the kind introduction, and thanks to all of today's participants, many of them friends.

Harry Truman once remarked that he felt anything but comfortable as a newcomer to the Senate. Then, one day, a grizzled veteran of the institution took him aside and offered him the following sage advice: ''Harry,'' he said, ''for the first six months you'll wonder how the hell you ever got to be a United States Senator. After that, you'll wonder how in Hell everyone else did.''

I guess I'm still in the early stages when it comes to having my name on a school of public policy. A professor has been defined as someone who takes more words than he needs to tell more than he knows. Kind of reminds me of a filibustering senator. President Johnson, Harry's former boss and mentor, liked to tell of the long-winded Texas politician who never began any address without extolling at great length the beautiful piney woods of east Texas. Then he would move on to the bluebonnets and the broad plains, and down through the Hill Country to the White Beaches of the Gulf Coast.

At which point he went back to the piney woods and started in all over again. On one occasion he had just completed a second tour of the lone star state and he was about to launch into a third when a fellow rose up in back of the room and yelled out: ''The next time you pass Lubbock, how about letting me off?''

Let me assure you all: I have no intention of making more than one pass at Lubbock. As you know, it's customary to insert the word honorable in front of the names of public servants. Sometimes it's even appropriate. The next speaker is just such a case. In fact, he is one of the most honorable men I know. Harry and I came to Washington about the same time. As he writes in his classic memoir, ''A Political Education,'' it was the era of the one party South. Come to think of it, it was the era of the one party Senate as well.

Still, even if Harry and I spent most of our careers on the opposite sides of the political fence, there is much more that unites us than divides us. To begin with, neither one of us have ever confused personal civility with the surrender of principle. One way or another, our generation has paid a heavy price in resistance to all of this century's extremists who didn't want to serve humanity as much as they wanted to remake or oppress it. Life for us has been a series of tests: whether growing up in the Dust Bowl of the 1930s, or fighting a war against Nazi tyranny, or waging a moral offensive against Jim Crow and other hateful barriers to human potential; whether sending a man to stroll on the surface of the moon, or standing up for American values across four decades of Cold War . . . all of these enterprises, vast as they were, enlisted the common energies of a nation that is never better than when tackling the impossible.

Along the way we discovered that there was no Republican or Democratic way to fight polio or even invent the Internet. Almost forty years have passed since I first arrived in this town as the lowest ranking creature in the political food chain—a freshman Congressman. My ideological credentials were validated by a local political boss in west Kansas who told a friend, ''Heck, I know he's a conservative—the tires on his car are threadbare.'' I never claimed to be a visionary. I came to Washington to do the decent thing by people in need, without bankrupting the Treasury or depriving entrepreneurs of the incentive or capital with which to realize their dreams. I brought from Kansas the conviction that most people are mostly good most of the time. Something I also learned: that an adversary is not the same thing as an enemy.

It may be hard to believe, but those days one politician could challenge another's ideas without questioning his motives or impugning his patriotism. As Harry will attest, we may have had differences over the years, but they were programmatic, not personal. In the words of the late great Ev Dirksen, ''I live by my principles, and one of my principles is flexibility.''

Of course, in the great defining struggle over civil rights, it was Ev Dirksen's flexibility that enabled him to put aside narrow questions of party advantage and remind colleagues that it was another Illinois Republican, by the name of Abraham Lincoln, who gave the GOP its moral charter as a party dedicated to racial justice. Throughout this century, no issue has done more to call forth the better angels of our nature. Whether it was Teddy Roosevelt inviting Booker T. Washington to dine with him at the White House, or my hero Dwight Eisenhower, summoning federal troops to integrate Central High School in Little Rock, or Harry Truman desegregating the armed forces, or LBJ speaking at a Joint Session in the House and shouting, ''we shall overcome,'' or the bipartisan coalition that I was privileged to lead in making Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday.

All this, I think, has relevance for today's discussion. The topic is ''Civility and Deliberation in the United States Senate.'' As any C-Span viewer can tell you, we have too little of one and too much of the other. But why should that come as any surprise? We are after all, a representative democracy—a mirror held up to America. In this age when celebrity trumps accomplishment, and notoriety is the surest route to success in a 24 hour news cycle, voters are understandably turned off by a political culture that measures democracy in decibels.

Needless to say, it is pretty hard to listen when all around you, people are screaming at the top of their lungs. It's even harder to hear the voices of those who sent you to Washington in the first place. In a democracy differences are not only unavoidable—if pursued with civility as well as conviction, they are downright healthy. Put another way, I'd much rather deal with honest contention than creeping cynicism. Yet that's exactly what afflicts our system today, when millions of citizens regard all politicians as puppets on a string, dancing to the music of spinmeisters.

Fortunately, there are still men and women in this town and every town across America who disprove that view. They come from diverse backgrounds. They vote for different candidates. They speak various languages; they worship before many alters. But this much they have in common; they are patriots before they are partisans. At the same time they understand the dangers that arise when any leader starts to calculate his chances at the expense of his conscience.

One of the most inspiring stories I have ever read involves the late Senator John Stennis of Mississippi, for over forty years a lawmaker of towering integrity. In 1982 Senator Stennis faced the toughest reelection fight of his career. At one point early in the campaign, the Senator found himself listening to a room full of experts who kept prefacing every sentence with the phrase, ''to win, we will have to do this.''

Courtly as ever, Stennis heard everyone out before replying, ''there is one thing you really need to understand before we go any further,'' he told his political operatives. ''We don't have to win,'' John Stennis understood that in a system such as ours, details can be compromised, but principle never.

In the high stakes game of history, only those who are willing to lose for principle deserve to win in the polls. Only those whose principles do not blind them to the search for common ground, can hope to rally a political system intentionally designed to frustrate utopian reformers. As LBJ like to say, ''I'd rather win a convert than a fight.''

In his memoir, Harry describes just such a confluence involving Lyndon Johnson, in office less than two weeks, and his onetime friend turned antagonist Jim Rowe. In the wake of President Kennedy's assassination, the new President was reaching out across personal and political gulfs, seeking counsel and support wherever he could find them.